



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



Adopt a Lonesome Boy

EVEN IF ONLY ONE DAY A WEEK

Professor McKeever Cites an Example Which He Hopes Many Families Will Follow

By Dr. W. A. McKeever.

One of the Nations Best-Known Sociological Writers.

WANTED—Young man living away from home, for social companion of family on Sunday. Good time. Apply by letter, stating business and giving references.

I have just now met a youth who in response to a call substantially as given above has been for three months the regular Sunday guest at a commodious home in a large Western city. Let us spread the idea abroad and try to multiply this interesting case into a thousand.

There are to be found in our larger cities many thousands of well-to-do homes where the social and intellectual atmosphere is a bit stale and set because of the fact that the members of the family are somewhat shut in and limited by a narrow programme of vocational and daily habits.

There are likewise thousands of fine young men and youths who are employed far away from home and who suffer more or less from Sunday despondency because of their having extra time on that day to ponder over the familiar scenes in connection with the dear ones back there.

Some of the families referred to above are literally hungry for the good cheer and the stimulating ideas which a young Sunday visitor could bring them. Some of the young men referred to suffer from an almost painful remorse on Sunday from lack of the cordial and familiar family associations to which they have been accustomed.

Now, it is my idea that these two mutually attractive human elements should be brought together—for a regular Sunday meal, for an afternoon of social recreation, for an attendance at church, for a drive about the city. The cost will be only slight to all concerned while the good benefits will be immeasurable. My young informant from the West stated that the family which called him adopted him spiritually into their home circle. "It was the greatest thing that has ever happened to me while away from home," said he with enthusiasm. "I soon learned to count Sunday as a day of genuine uplift and inspiration."

It would also be commendable for the young man away from home to take the lead in this matter, to write his own want ad. and to make his appeal for a social and spiritual Sunday home. If he can establish

the right relationship to a good family the affair will prove to be a real epoch in his life.

The family which seeks to adopt a youth for Sunday company should keep in mind the idea of a possible service to the young man himself, as well as that of their own cheer and spiritual nurture. Strange to say we often learn most from those whom we serve best.

So, to a lonesome youth for a regular Sunday visit—one who is a bit "green" and ill at ease in company, but who has a good, young heart; one who is eager to learn, to be understood, and to understand others; one who is anxious to relate his troubles with the world without and to find sympathy and encouragement for mastering these difficulties; one who desires to cultivate the spiritual elements in his own life and to be able to impart psychic influence to others.

Thus a seemingly light Sunday affair might conceivably develop into a thing of great spiritual significance. Who will be the next to try it?

When Children Go Away

By Rita Stuyvesant.

EVERY kiddy loves to travel, but every kiddy's mother knows what a problem it is to keep the little ones both neat and comfortable on a long journey. The pretty pale colors so much a part of childhood are not practical for traveling, and there are some unusually attractive costumes designed in the rich dull shades. Frocks that do not wrinkle or show the train dust are suitable for traveling and should be chosen in preference to light colored ones.

During a recent trip to the South two children, five and seven years old, were admired for their well-groomed appearance even after several days' journey. But much credit was due to the mother for the sensible wardrobe she had provided for them.

For the younger child there was a frock of taupe gray cotton crepe made kimono style (in one piece). A bit of Chinese blue embroidery in a simple design lent an interesting touch of color and the embroidery was repeated on the sash of self material. But the novel feature of the frock was the reversible collar and cuffs, one side taupe and the other white silk. While travelling the gray side was exposed, but at the journey's end the clean white ones gave a charmingly fresh appearance. Snap hoops were used, so that the change from gray to white could be made at one snap of the fingers.

The older child wore a similar dress, but navy blue was chosen with brick red embroidery for decoration. A collarless model bound in red was more becoming for her type. Instead of petticoats, tailored bloomers of the crepe were worn. To keep abreast of the cold weather and the draughty trains this wise mother provided good looking top coats that evidently found favor in the eyes of the youngsters. Simple models belted for style and interlined for warmth displayed their smartness and sturdiness at one glance. Gray or brown mannish mixtures do not soil easily and are therefore excellent for travel-wear.

If you think the tweed a little severe for childhood there are a number of solid colors to select from. Plain blue, brown, gray or bottle-green wool velours all possess both warmth and wearing qualities. A hat that answers the call for many occasions other than traveling is one of soft black velvet. The smart tailored models banded with gros-grain ribbon satisfy the hearts of kiddies and please mothers for their practical knock-about qualities.

If you are planning to take your youngsters on a trip, choose only essential garments if you want to be in keeping with the times. Service, durability and style are all required for comfortable travel clothes, and these little garments answer the requirements.

The Largest Flower.

The island of Mindanao produces the largest flower in the world. Its habitat is far up the Parag Mountain, two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The natives give it the name of Bolo. Its full-blown blossom, five-petaled, is over three feet in diameter, and weighs twenty-two pounds. The flower was first found in Sumatra and was called Rafflesia Schadenburgia, in honor of its discoverer.

Frocks to the Fashion Born



For either blonde or brunette is this charming frock of shrimp pink net with picoté double ruching and beaded bands of burnt orange beads which harmonize with the satin girdle.

A creation in blue georgette crepe. Soutache in an elaborate design trims the cuffs and collar. A cuff formed by the soutache and deep tucks forms an unusual skirt. Tucked cream net is the vestee. The girdle is of beautiful heilotrope satin.

Photos by Underwood & Underwood

INTERESTING STORIES

Horses in Ancient Warfare

In the old days when the Romans and Greeks fought furious battles, the charioteers drove their cars in all directions, hurled their javelins, and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder, and making their way among the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot. The charioteers, then withdrawn, little by little, out of the fight, and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry. Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses at full speed when on a steep slope, or to run out on the pole and stand on the yoke, and to get nimbly back into the chariot.

With the introduction of cavalry in the later days of the campaign of Caesar in Gaul, used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and slothful to use any kind of a saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot. As far as England is concerned, the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons appear to have been but indifferent horsemen.

Subterfuge.

"I think I hear an alarm of fire!" said a bored husband, watching a very dull play. "I must go and see where it is." His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence. "It wasn't fire after all," he said on his return. "No water either!" said his wife caustically.

Lagged in the Race.

"Would ye do something for a poor old sailor?" inquired a seedy mendicant. "Poor old sailor!" repeated the housewife at whose door he had called. "Yes, mum. I followed the water for sixteen years." "Well," said the housewife, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it!"

Advice to the Lovelorn

Corresponded with Soldier

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I was corresponding with party A, while in service, and he made friends with a soldier whom I'll call party B. And A having spoken to B about me I received a letter from him, a model letter, asking me to forgive him if he is taking too much liberty in writing. He stated nothing means more to a soldier than a letter. And then we wrote to one another. B always mentioning in his letters that he hoped some day to have the pleasure of meeting me.

Party B was discharged about two months ago, but I didn't hear of him, as he didn't think it proper to come down to see me until A's return. A was released two weeks ago and a party was made in honor of his return. B being invited and there I met him. From my point of view, I think our feelings were mutual, both of us being attracted by the other. Before leaving he asked me if he could have my telephone number, etc., and I gave it to him. I am a young girl, and no one has ever appealed to me before, although I have many admirers, but party B sure did appeal to me as an ideal man. I feel very miserable ever since I met him, as I have not heard from him yet.

It does seem curious that after asking permission to call on you the young soldier has not availed himself of it. You might, the next time you meet party A, ask him very casually what has become of his friend. You might even attempt a little party on your own account and invite the young soldier who interests you so much, though I really believe I'd leave it to him to take any further steps in augmenting the friendship, as he had the courage to begin the correspondence in the first place.

Household Suggestions

When too much salt has been put into the soup, add a potato and boil the soup for ten minutes. Then remove the potato, and you will find that the unpleasant flavor has gone.

A cheap cement for broken china is lime mixed with the white of an egg. Only take sufficient white of an egg to mend one article at a time, and mix thoroughly with a small quantity of lime.

For mending cake and pastry an old marble slab or a piece of plate glass is better than a board.

Perpetrating hands are often a trouble to needlewomen. They should try bathing them with strong alum-water.

Cut flowers with woody stems will last much longer in water if the stalks are scraped for about three inches up.

To mince cold meat when no mincing-machine is available, rub it over a suet grater. This will answer the purpose quite well.

Folks of eggs which are not wanted for immediate use will keep good for several days if they are dropped into cold water and kept in a cool place—the cooler the better.

To remove the stains on enameled saucepans, dissolve half a teaspoonful of borax in a saucepan full of water, and then boil till the stains disappear. Then fill with pure water and boil.

To dry-clean a cream holland blind, have plenty of clean powdered brick dust ready. Lay the blind flat on the table, and with a clean, dry cloth rub the brick dust well into the blind, renewing it as it gets gritty. Shake well, then give them a final rub with a fresh clean cloth.

Paint on woollen or silk goods can be removed with spirits of turpentine. Soak the spots in the spirits and let it stand for some hours; then rub the fabric between the fingers, and the paint will fall away without injury to the goods.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

JUST SONG.

IF some days nothing goes quite right and most things go quite wrong, see if it won't relieve your plight to try a little song. I hear you say, "The foolish thought; how could it help me out when I am wholly on the blink if I should sing or shout?" Because I cannot prove to you by reason's clearest rays just what the gift of song will do, don't cast it from your days. And do not stop to mope about this fact I'm bringing you. There's much that reason can't work out, but truth is always true. Just try my scheme when pluck has left and all your pep is spent and you are feeling quite bereft of joy and of content. It may be that a birdlike

voice was nater at your command and that your bass would scarce rejoice the folks in opera grand. But do not let a trifling thing like this concern your heart, just open up your mouth and sing, you only need a start. It may be you've not sung for years, yet once the plunge is made you will not want to shed salt tears or join the gloom parade. You'll find such joy in singing that you'll sing from morn 'till noon. When some one sits upon your hat, you'll sing a gladsome tune. And likewise when the first comes round and bills are piling in, where once you would have wept and frowned, you now will sing and grin. For there is something in a song that carries cheer and glee, although your notes are most likely wrong and you've no harmony.

Save for Vacation

SOMETHING ALL GIRLS SHOULD DO.

A Rest, Says Eleanor Gilbert, Is an Essential for Even Woman in Business

By Eleanor Gilbert.

NOW is the time when the Tired Business Woman wakes up and wishes she had laid aside some small sum each week since Christmas time for the expenses of the Summer vacation. There is an organization for the purpose of encouraging girls to save for vacations, and every woman who works ought to be a member of it. For it is so hard for the young business woman to save, as a rule. She feels she needs so many things, and if the thought of saving money ever pops into her head at all, it is deferred until "next week," when, of course, it will be easier!

Liberty Bonds have done more than any other one thing to make women save. But care of her physical welfare should be quite as important an item with the business woman, and the annual vacation is one of the absolute essentials for physical well-being.

It isn't too late even now to make some rigid sacrifices in sev-

eral places, if you haven't already set aside enough money for a reasonable vacation. But if you can't possibly save enough money to take the so-called "rest," then look about and make some plan for a change for at least two weeks during the Summer.

You must have some change once a year to keep you fit and alert. Working week in, week out on the same job without rest or hope of any restful change gets you into a rut that is harmful to your mind and body, and doesn't make you a better worker.

Therefore, get some change, even if it isn't all rest. Living in a hammock with a novel to read and nothing else to do isn't the most beneficial kind of a vacation, even though some business women feel that it is the only way in which they can gain complete relaxation after the strain of the year's work. Sometimes a change of work will give you a species of relaxation.

There are some office women who find that manual work outdoors is a positive relaxation after sitting at a desk for twelve months. They take jobs as waitresses in the Summer hotels, and thus manage to get out of the city, without having the expense of a vacation.

The work takes only part of the day, and although they are kept fairly busy, nevertheless they have plenty of time for loitering about and enjoying the outdoors.

Farm work is another species of manual labor that positively brings better color and more vitality to the office woman than a hammock vacation. Of course, two weeks of this isn't enough—a whole Summer of farm work would absolutely change the average anemic office worker into a sturdier and rosier individual.

Save up somehow for a vacation if you can, but if you can't, then try to find some country job that will at least take you away from accustomed scenes, and by giving you a change in work make you more alert when you come back to your regular job.

But by all means provide for some vacation or change. Most firms grant a week or two to employees who have been with them for half a year or more. But even if your employer doesn't pay for your vacation, arrange to take one yourself. It's an absolute essential for every one who works.

Meerschmum.

Eski Scheer, in Asiatic Turkey, has one unique claim upon public interest, and if one is a smoker that claim is a compelling one. It is the home of meerschmum. Meerschmum in abundance is found only on the plain of Eski Scheer, and this city produces all the marketable meerschmum in the world.

Meerschmum as its name implies, is supposed to be petrified sea foam, and has been discovered floating on the Black Sea. Apart from the Eski Scheer mines, it occurs in Greece, Spain, Moravia, Utah, Pennsylvania, and in conjunction with serpentine, in Norway and South Carolina.

The ancients are said to have used it as a decorative stone in buildings, and this seems to have been confirmed by the recent excavations in Corfu. It is soft and whitish, and becomes malleable like clay when soaked in water. Meerschmum used to be considered a mere curiosity by the Turks, who had no other use for it than as a substitute for fuller's soap. The story runs that the Turkish Ambassador at the Austrian Court, in the eighteenth century, was a native of Eski Scheer. Wanting to help his city at a time of great poverty, he took a sample of this queer stuff to Vienna, thinking that the "Franks," as all foreigners were then called, might have some use for it. The Germans were quick to see its utility for pipe bowls, but declared that it was good for nothing else.

More than a century has confirmed this judgment, for who has yet discovered any other use for meerschmum? For pipe-making it is an ideal raw material. Here it is a stone which is easily moulded when wet, and when dry becomes hard and resistant fire.

Art's Limited Scope.

"Father," said a young man, "I have decided not to enter the business, but to go in for an artistic career. I shall study in Paris, Rome, and the other great capitals. You don't object, I suppose, to my becoming an artist?" "Object? No, no!" the father replied. "Why, my boy, I'm delighted to have you become an artist, provided of course you don't draw on me!"

Professional Fees.

"Tell the doctor," said a cobbler, after a brief examination of a pair of boots offered him to repair, "that these boots are a quarter of an inch short of the mark." "Then, of course," said the doctor's servant, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them." "But I charge you a quarter just the same." "What for?" "Well, your master charged me \$2 the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with them!"

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"HOW strange it seems to once more travel on foot," said Puss.

"Yes, we shall miss the Good Gray Horse," said Tom Thumb.

"But where are Robin and Richard?" asked Puss. They told us they were going into the forest to chop wood. I hear no sound of an axe."

"Ah, well, never mind," said Tom Thumb. "We can keep on our way. No doubt we will fall in with some new adventure before we have gone a great distance." And sure enough this proved to be the case. On reaching a wild place with rocks and deep caverns, sandy stretches and low hills little Tom Thumb said, "This is indeed a bad country." As he finished speaking a strange-looking man came toward them. "You hide behind a tree," said Puss, "while I talk to him. If he tries to harm me you rush out and hit him with your sword." The man evidently thought Puss was alone, for he said, "Are you lost, my young friend?" "No," replied Puss, "I am on my way to Mother Goose."

"You had better turn back, then, for this is a wilderness." "Do you live here?" asked Puss Junior. "Yes, I do," he replied, "and I ask everybody the same question who comes along." "What is it?" asked Puss. "How many strawberries grow in the sea?" replied the man. "Ha, ha!" laughed Puss. "I have been to sea in a pea-green boat, also in a ship with masts of gold and sails of silk, but I never fished for strawberries. Are you sure they are not little red fish?"

"The man began to laugh. This made Puss Junior angry. As many as red herrings grow in the wood," cried Puss, and off he marched to where Tom Thumb was hiding.

"If that man thinks he's going to make fun of me, I'll give him an answer that will show him I'm up to his tricks!"

"The man in the wilderness asked me, 'How many strawberries grew in the sea?'"

I answered him as I thought good. As many as red herrings grow in the wood."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tom, "pretty good answer. That will make him think a thing or two. Good for you, Puss Junior!"

Then Puss picked up Tom and, placing him on his shoulder, marched out of the wilderness as fast as he could.

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To Be Continued.

Marriage in Greenland.

Courtship and marriage customs, among the Greenlanders were in early times simple and unceremonious. We are told that when a lovelorn youth made up his mind as to the girl he wanted to adorn, and be useful in, his hut of ice or snow he went to her house, seized her by the hair or wherever he could secure a good grip on her, and dragged her to his own domain, where she was expected to stay without any further marriage ceremony. If an affluent bridegroom he would perhaps soothe her lacerated feelings by presenting her with a new lamp.